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God's Promises

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

God's Promises

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

Date of Original, 1538

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's Promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

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The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's Promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, c. 2*); it is the only known copy of the first edition. It formed part of the Garrick collection, and probably it came to the famous eighteenth-century actor from the Harley library through Robert Dodsley the antiquarian bookseller, who speaks of having found it in "the Harleian Collection of Old Plays, consisting of between* 600 *and* 700*, which are now in my possession." "God's Promises" was reprinted in* 1577*, the first edition being so entirely forgotten by then that the new impression was described as "now fyrst imprynted." This play has been frequently reprinted in modern times.*

John Bale—"bilious Bale"—was a notable figure in his time, a strenuous and not altogether consistent supporter and exponent of the Reformation. He was unscrupulous in attack and violent in speech. Born in 1495 *he died in* 1563*, having, at the age of* 64*, confessed himself "an old and worn-out man." I have in my edition of "The*

Dramatic Writings of John Bale" (Early English Drama Society, 1907) dwelt at length upon the life and times of this hard-hitting acerbous prelate. To this source of reference may be added "The Dictionary of National Biography" (as a matter of course), the introduction to the facsimile reprint of Bale's "Three Laws" (Tudor Facsimile Texts), Herford's "Literary Relations of England and Germany in the 16th Century," Snell's "Age of Transition," Schroer's Introduction to "The Three Laws" (Halle, 1882), &c. &c.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that "it must not be considered one of the greatest successes" of the series. He adds, however, "it was exceptionally difficult to reproduce, no doubt." This difficulty arises, for the most part, from the mutilated and stained condition of the original: even the yellow-tinted official stamp of the British Museum has in two instances made darker what is perfectly clear in the original. To this general criticism there is little to add.

(1) *Title-page, line 2, the "D" of "God" is clearer in original: as will be seen the page is mutilated, only the top half being left, mounted on a leaf of blank paper.*

(2) A. ij. recto, *lines 2 and 3, the last words are clearer in original: in line 2, "congr . . enc" [Congruence]; line 3, "serche of co . ." Concerning this page Mr. Herbert makes the following remark:—"Not very successful where the page has been repaired. This applies not only to this page, but also to those which follow."*

(3) A. ij. verso, *lines* 3, 4, 5, 10, *and* 21, *the obliterated words at commencement are respectively* "As," "Whych," "They come," "And thys," *and* "For" [*the* F *and* o *imperfect, but unmistakable*].

(4) A. iij. verso, *line* 16, *the initial is* "F" [*For one*].

(5) B. i. verso, *line* 21, "For," *top of* F *wanting, but the letter is unmistakable.*

(6) *B. iij.* verso, *line* 4, *Act iii.*, "He" *is plain under stain.*

(7) C. [*i.*] verso, *line* 4, *there is no flaw in MS.: the mark on margin has been introduced by some flaw in printing.*

(8) *C. iv.* recto, *line* 4, *third word,* "at," *the* "t" *is faint in original but legible.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Tragedye or enterlude

manyfestyng the chefe promyses of God

vnto man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno Domini M. D XXXVIII.

1664
1538

nde (w'
of God)

Shanor: old. Baleus prolocutor. Relicye

IF profyght maye growe, most Christe audyēce,
By knowlege of thynges, whych are but [illegible]
sytorye,
And here for a tyme. Of moch more cōgr[illegible]
Aduaūtage myght spryng, by the sere[illegible]
ses heauenlye.
As those matters are, that the Gospell specyfye.
Without whose knowledge, no man to the truche [illegible]
Nor euer atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.
For he that knoweth not, the lyuynge God eter[illegible]
The father, the sonne, and also the holye Ghost,
And what Christ suffered, for redempcyon of vs all,
What he commaunded, and taught in euery coost,
And what he forbode. That man must neder be lost,
And cleane secluded, from the faythfull chosen sorte.
In the heauens abone, to hys most hygh dysconforte.
Yow therfor (good fryndes) I louyngely
To waye soche matters, as wyll be vttered h[illegible]
Of whome ye maye loke, to haue no tryfelin
In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyke gaudysh[illegible]
But the thynges that shall, your inwarde stoma[illegible]
To reioyce in God, for your iustyfycacyon,
And alone in Christ, to hope for your saluacyon.
Yea, first ye shall haue, the eternall generacyon,
Of Christ lyke as Johan, in hys first chapt[illegible] wrygh[illegible]
And consequentlye, of man the first creacyon,
The abuse and fall, through hys first ouersyght,
And therayse agayne, through Gods hygh grace & mygh[illegible]
By promyses first, whych shall be declared all,
Then by hys owne sonne, the worker pryncypall,
After that Adam, bywayleth here hys fall,
God wyll shewe mercye, to euery generacyon.

And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodnesse call,
Hys elected spouse, or faythfull congregacyon,
Where shall apere, by open protestacyon,
[illegible] from Christes birthe, shall to hys deathe conclude,
[illegible]ne that therof, wyll shewe the certytude,

Pater cœlestis.

IN the begynnynge, before the heauens were
create,
In me and of me, was my sonne sempyternall.
With the holy Ghost, in one degre or estate,
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the father coequall.
[illegible]hys my sonne was, with me one God essencyall,
[illegible]hout separacyon, at any tyme from me,
God he is, of equall dignyte,
[illegible] the begynnynge, my sonne hath euer be,
[illegible] hys father, in one essencyall beynge.
[illegible]e create, by hym in yche degre,
[illegible] earthe, and haue their dyuerse workynge,
[illegible] power, was neuer made anye thynge,
[illegible] wrought. But through hys ordynaunce,
[illegible]e hys strength, and whole contynnaunce.
[illegible]n hym is the lyfe, and the inst reconeraunce
[illegible] Adam and hys, whych nought but deathe deserued.
And thys lyfe to men, is an hygh perseuerannce,
Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saued.
And thys lyght shall shyne, amonge the people darkened,
With vnfaythfulnesse: Yet shall they not with hym take,
But of wyllfull hart, hys lyberall grace forsake.
Whych wyll compell me, agaynst man sor to make,
In my dyspleasure. And sende plages of correccyon,
Most greuouse and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake,

by

By water and fyre, by syckenesse and infeccyon,
Of pestylent sores, molestynge hys compleccyon
By troubblouse warre, by derthe and peynefull scarsenesse,
And after thys lyfe, by an extreme heauynesse,
I wyll first begynne, with Adam for hys lewdenesse,
Whych for an apple, neglected my commaundement,
He shall contynue, in laboure for hys rashenesse,
Hys onlye sweate shall, prouyde hys food and rayment,
Yea, yet must he haue, a greatter ponnyshment,
Most terryble deathe, shall brynge hym to hys ende,
To teache hym how he, hys lorde God, shall offende,

Hic præceps in terram cadit Adamus, ac post quartum uersum denuo resurgit.

Adam primus homo.

Mercyfull father, thy pytiefull grace extende,
To me carefull wretche, whych haue me sore abused,
Thy precept breakynge. O lorde, I mynde to amende,
If thy great goodnesse, wolde now haue me excused,
Most heauenlye maker, lete me not be refused,
Nor cast from thy syght, for one pore synnefull cr
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme,

Pater cœlestis.

I wott it is so, yet art thu no lesse faultye,
Thã thu haddyst bene made, of matter moch more worthye,
I gaue the reason, and wytte to vnderstande,
The good from the euyll. And not to take on hande,
Of a brayneless mynde, the thynge whych I forbad the,

Adam primus homo.

Soch heauye fortune, hath chefelye chaunced me,
For that I was left, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cœlestis.

Then thu art blamelesse, and the faulte thu layest to me?

Adam primus homo.

Naye, all I ascribe, to my owne imbecyllyte,
No faulte in the lorde, but in my infirmyte,
And want of respect, in soche gyftes as thu gauest me.

Pater cœlestis.

For that I put the, at thyne owne lyberte,
Thu oughtest my goodnesse, to haue in more regarde.

Adam primus homo.

Anoyde it I can not, thu layest it to me so harde.
Lorde now I perceyue, what power is in man,
And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is absente.
He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,
And daunger hymselfe, as apereth euydent.
For I synned not, so longe as thu wert present.
But whan thu wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,
And the dyspleased. Good lorde I aye the mercy.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt dye for it, with all thy posteryte.

Adam primus homo;

[illegible] faulte good lorde, auenge not thy self on me.
[illegible] but a worme, or a fleshelye vanyte.

Pater cœlestis;

I saye thu shalt dye, with thy whole posteryte.

Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy swete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be.

Pater cœlestis

I am immutable, I maye change no decre,
Thu shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye,

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouse father, extende to me thy mercye,
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thu hast create,
To thyne owne Image, But auert from me thy hate,

Pater

Pater cœlestis

But art thu sorye, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyspleasure is, to me most heauye smart.

Pater cœlestis

Than wyll I tell the, what thu shalt stycke vnto,
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me swete lorde, that I maye therafter go,

Pater cœlestis

Thys ys my couenaunt, to the and all thy offsprynge,
For that thu hast bene, deceyued by the serpeut,
I wyll put hatred, betwiyt hym for hys doynge,
And the woman kynde. They shall herafter dyssent.
Hys sede with her sede, shall neuer haue agrement,
Her sede shall presse downe, hys heade vnto the grounde,
Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde,
Cleaue to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,
Fyrmelye enclose it, in thy remembraunce fast.
Folde it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,
And thy saluacyon, it wyll be at the last.
That sede shall clere the, of all thy wyckednesse past,
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght,
Se thu trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyse, that thy self here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deseruynge,
In my faythe I trust, shall so establyshed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynynge,
So longe as I shall haue here contynuynge,
And shewe it I wyll, to my posteryte,
That they in lyke case, haue therby felycyte,

Pater cœlestis.

For a closynge vp, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleasure lorde, all thynges myght euer be,

Pater cœlestis

For that my promyse, maye haue the deper effect,
In the faythe of the, and all thy generacyon.
Take thys sygne with it, as a seale, therto connect.
Crepe shall the Serpent, for hys abhomynacyon.
The woman shall sorowe, in payne full propagacyon.
Like as thu shalt fynde, thys true in out warde workynge.
So thynke the other, though it be an hydden thynge.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunt praysynge, to the most heauenlye lorde,
For thys thy socoure, and vnderserued kyndenesse.
Thu byndest me in hart, thy gracyouse gystes to recorde,
And to beare in mynde, now aster my heauynesse,
The brute of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladnesse.
Thu dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,
To fatche to thy folde, thy first shepe goynge a straye.
Most myghtye maker, thu castest not yet awaye,
Thy synne full feruaunt, whych hath done most offence.
It is not thy mynde, for euer I shuld decaye,
But thu reseruest me, of thy benyuolence,
And hast prouyded, for me a recompence,
By thy appoyntment, like as I haue receyued,
In thy stronge promyse, here openlye pronounced,
Thys goodnesse dere lorde, of me is vndeserued,
I so declynynge, from thy first instrucyon,
At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerued,
What a lorde art thu, to geue soche rerrybucyon?
I damnable wretche, deserued execucyon,
Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,

And to be put out, of all good memorye,
I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye,
An ympe though I be, of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,
Through my owne workynge. For I consydre thy mercye,
And pytiefull mynde, for my whole generacyon,
It is thu swete lorde, that workest my saluacyon,
And my recouer. Therfor of a congruence,
From hens thu must haue, my hart and obedyence,
Thought I be mortall, by reason of my offence,
And shall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted,
Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,
At a serten daye, agayne to be reuyued,
From grounde of my hart, thys shall not be remoued,
I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyll synge,
Thys Antheme to hym, that my saluacyon shall brynge.

Tunc sonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O Sapientia, Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, eo interim exeunte.

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.

O eternal Sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe of the hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power frō the beginnynge to the ende, with heauenlye swetnesse dysposynge all creatures, come now and enstruct vs the true waye of thy godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus.

Pater cœlestis

I haue bene moued, to stryke man dyuerselye,
Sens I lefte Adam, in thys same earthly mansyon,
For whye he hath done, to me dyspleasures manye,
And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,
No respect hath he, to my worde nor monycyon.
But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete aduysement,
And wyll in no wyse, take myne aduertysement.
Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,
Whose bloude from the earthe, doth call to me for vengeaũce
My children with mennis, so carnallye consent,
That their vayne workynge, is vnto me moche greuaunce,
Mankynde is but flesche, in hys whole dallyaunce,
All vyce encreaseth, in hym contynuallye,
Nothynge he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorye.
My hart abhorreth, hys wylfull myserye,
Hys cankred malyce, hys cursed couetousenesse,
Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,
Vnmercyfull mourther, and other vngodlynesse,
I wyll destroye hym, for hys outragyousnesse.
And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere,
It repenteth me, that euer I made them here.

Iustus Noah.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beare
Man is thy creature, thy selfe can not saye naye.
Though thu ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,
Hys faulte to knowledge, yet seke not hys decaye.
Thu mayest reclayme hym, though he goeth now astraye,
And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
To the folde of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespace.

Pater cœlestis,

Thu knowest I haue geuen, to hym conuenyent space,

With

Wich lawfull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,
He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttynge a parte,
Of helthe the couenaunt, whych I to Adam made,
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade,

Iustus Noah.

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reproue,
Lete hys weakenesse yet, thy mercyfull goodnesse moue.

Pater cœlestis.

No weakenesse is it, but wylfull workynge all,
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.
He shall haue therfor, lyke as he hath deserued.

Iustus Noah

Lose hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye swerued,
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudenesse,
Beynge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodnesse,
And measure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.
Esteme not hys faulte, farder than helpe maye be,
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myserye.
Of all goodnesse lorde, remembre thy great mercye,
To Adam and Eue, breakynge thy first commaundement.
Them thu releuedest, with thy swete promyse heauenlye,
Synnefull though they were, and their lyues neglygent.
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,
And wyll be euer, so longe as the worlde endure,
Than close not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.
Beynge thy subiect, he is vndreneth thy cure,
Correct hym thu mayest, and so brynge hym to grace.
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,
Bytter deathe to geue, or graunte most suffren solace.

Vtterlye from man, auerte not then thy face,
But lete hym sauer, thy swete benyuolence,
Sumwhat though he fele, thy hande for hys offence.

Pater cœlestis.

My true seruaũt Noah, thy ryghtousnesse doth moue me,
Sumwhat to reserue, for mannys posteryte.
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I saue thelyues,
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iij. sonnes and their wyues,
And of yche kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iustus Noah.

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull maker:
With the to dyspute, it were vnconuenyent.

Pater cœlestis.

Whye doest thu saye so: Be bolde to speke thy intent.

Iustus Noah.

Shall the other dye, without anye remedye?

Pater cœlestis.

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye,
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,
And feare to offende, my goodnesse daye and houre.

Iustus Noah.

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,
For my helthe thu art, and sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis.

After that thys floude, haue had hys ragynge passage,
Thys shall be to the, my couenaunt euerlastynge.
The sees and waters, so farre neuermore shall rage,
As all flesche to drowne, I wyll so tempre their workynge,
Thys sygne wyll I adde, also to confirme the thynge,
In the cloudes aboue, as a seale or token clere,
For sauegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere.
Take thu thys couenaunt for an ernest confirmacyon,

Of my former promyse, to Adams generacyon.

Iustus Noah.

I wyll blessed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde.

Pater cœlestis.

Farewele than iust Noah, here leaue I the behynde.

Iustus Noah.

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,
I must geue the prayse, from the bottom of my hart,
Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & saluacyone
But thy great mercye and goodnesse vndeserued,
Thy promyse in faythe, is our iustyfycacyon,
As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin rested,
And as it was theirs, whych therin also trusted,
Thys faythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,
And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye.
Faythe in that promyse, Olde Adam ded iustyfye,
In that promyse faythe, made Eua to prophecye,
Faythe in that promyse, proued Abel innocent,
In that promyse faythe, made Seth full obedyent,
That faythe taught Enos, on Gods name first to call,
And made Mathusalah, the oldest man of all.
That fayth brought Enoch, to so hygh exercyse,
That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyse,
Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,
And all hys offsprynge, to perysshe in the flood,
Faythe in that promyse, preserued both me and myne,
So wyll it all them, whych folowe the same lyne.
Not onlye thys gyfte, thu hast geuen me swete lorde,
But with it also, thyne euerlastynge couenaunt,
Of truse for euer, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,
Neuermore to drowne, the worlde by floude inconstaunt,
Makynge the waters, more peaceable and plesaunt,

Alac I can not, to the geue prayse condygne,
Yet wyll I synge here, with harte meke and benygne.

Magna tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor, &c, in genua cadens; Quam chorus prosequetur cum organis, ut supra.

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempiternall bryghtnesse. O clere sunne of iustyce and heauenlye ryghtousnesse, come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, sytynge now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe.

Finit actus secundus.

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater cœlestis.

Myne hygh dyspleasure, must nedes returne to man,
Consyderynge the synne, that he doth daye by daye:
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye.
But styll in myschefe, he walketh to hys decaye,
If he do not sone, hys wyckednesse consydre,
He is lyke doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.
In my syght he is, more venym than the spyder
Through soch abuses, as he hath exercysed,
From the tyme of Noah, to thys same season hyder.
An vncomelye acte, without shame Cham commysed,
Whan he of hys father, the secrete partes reueled.
In lyke case Nemrod, agaynst me wrought abusyon
As he rayseed vp, the castell of confusyon,
Ninus hath also, and all by the deuyls illusyon,
Through vmage makynge, vp rayseed Idolatrye,
Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,
The vyle Sodomytes, lyue so vnnaturallye

That

That their synne vengeaunte, ayeth contynuallye;
For my couenauntes sake, I wyll not drowne with water,
Yet shall I vysyte, their synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre,
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes,
And lose not the sowles, of men in so great nombre,
But saue thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete goodnes.
I wote thy mercyes, are plentyfull and endles,
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy self endurynge,
Thys hath faythe fixed, fast in my vnderstandynge.

Pater cœlestis.

Abraham my seruaunt, for thy most faythfull meanynge,
Both thu and thy stocke, shall haue my plentouse blessynge.
Where the vnfaythfull, vndre my curse euermore,
For their vayne workynge, shall rewe their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me blessed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght,
My hope is, all flesche, shall not perysh in thy syght.

Pater cœlestis.

No trulye Abraham, thu chaunceſt vpon the rygh t,
The thynge I shall do, I wyll nothyde from the,
Whome I haue blessyd, for thy true fydelyte.
For I knowe thu wylt, cause both thy chyldren & seruaũtes,
In my wayes to walke, and trust vnto my couenauntes,
That I maye perfourme, with the my ernest promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assystence of thy goodnes.

Pater cœlestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call,
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymstone, shall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

Abraham fidelis.

Pytiefull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,
Cast not awaye yet, the iust sort with the vngodlye.
Parauenture there maye, be fiftye ryghteouse persones,
Within those cyties, wylt thu lose them all at ones?
And not spare the place, for those fyftye ryghteouse sake?
Be it farre from the, soch rygoure to vndertake.
I hope there is not, in the so cruell hardenesse,
As to cast awaye, the iust men with the rechelesse,
And so to destroye, the good with the vngodlye,
In the iudge of all, be neuer soche a furye.

Pater cœlestis.

At Sodom if I, maye fynde iust persones fiftye,
The place wyll I spare, for their sakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to speake here in thy presence,
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence.
I am but ashes, and were lothe the to offende,

Pater cœlestis.

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll dost thu non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be, fyue lesse in the same nombre,
For their sakes I trust, thu wylt not the rest accombre?

Pater cœlestis

If I amonge them, myght fynde but fyne and fortye
Them wolde I not lose, for that iust cumpanye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteouse make?

Pater cœlestis

Then wyll I pardone it, for those same fortyes sake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye lorde, though I speake vndyscretelye.

Pater

Pater cœlestis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye, be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater cœlestis

Maye I synde thirty, I wyll nothynge do vnto them?

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy syght?

Pater cœlestis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis.

No lesse I suppose, than twenty can it haue?

Pater cœlestis.

Coulde I synde twenty, that cytie wolde I saue.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I speake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœlestis.

Spare not to vtter, so moche as thu hast in store.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght, be v. good creatures founde?

Pater cœlestis.

The rest for their sakes, myght so be safe and sounde,
And not destroyed, for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon,
And sufferaunce of synne. I se it now in dede,
Witsaue yet of fauer, out of those cyties to leade,
Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

Pater cœlestis.

Lot hand hys howsholde, I wyll delyuer all,
For ryghteousnesse sake, whych is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cœlestis.

Well Abrahaam well, for thy true fayth, fulnes,
Now wyll I geue the, my couenaunt or thirde promes,
Loke thu beleue it, as thu conetyst ryghtuousnesse.

Abraham fidelis.

Lorde so regarde me, as I receyue it with gladnesse.

Pater cœlestis

Of manye peoples, the father I wyll make the,
All generacyons, in thy sede shall be blessyd.
As the starres of heauen, so shall thy kynred be,
And by the same sede, the worlde shall be redressed.
In cyrcumcysyon, shall thys thynge be expressed,
As in a sure seale, to proue my promyse true,
Prynt thys in thy faythe, and it shall thy sowle renue.

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one Jote, Lorde from thy wyll dyssent,
But to thy pleasure, be alwayes obedyent,
Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaundement.

Pater cœlestis

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leaue the.

Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behoue me.
Euerlastynge prayse, to thy most gloryouse name.
Whych sauedyst Adã, through faythe in thy swere promes,
Of the womannys sede. And now confirmest the same,
In the sede of me. Fosoth great is thy goodnes
I can not perceyue, but that thy mercye is endles,
To soch as feare the, in euery generacyon,
For it endureth, without abreuyacyon.
Thys haue I prynted in depe consyderacyon,
No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde.

For ones it wyll be, the fynall restauracyon,
Of Adam and Eue, with other that hath synde,
Yea, the sure helthe, and rayse of all mankynde.
Helpe haue the faythfull, therof, though they be infect,
They condempnacyon, where as it is reiect.
Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out, in some swete prayse to the,
And suffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,
But lete me shewe forth, thy commendacyons fre.
Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geue them lyberte,
To sounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,
And in it reioyce, with hart melodyouse.

Tunc alta uoce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro eandem prosequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel Anglice hoc modo,

O most myghtye gouernour, of thy people, and in hart most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone, that of two maketh one, vnynge the Jewes with the gentyles in one churche, come now and releue mankynde whom thu hast fourmed of the vyle earthe.

Finit actus tertius.

Incipit actus Quartus,

Pater cœlestis,

STyll so increaseth, the wyckednesse of man,
That I am moued, with plages hym to confounde,
Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,
Yet he regardeth me, no more than doth an hounde.
My worde and promyse, in hys faythe taketh no grounde,
He wyll so longe walke, in hys owne lustes at large,
That nought he shall fynde, hys folye to dyscharge.

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elect,
Ismael haue I founde, both wycked, fearce, and cruell,
And Esau in mynde, with hatefull mother infect,
The sonnes of Jacob, to lustes vnnaturall fell,
And into Egypte, ded they their brother sell,
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyolence.
Ruben abused hys fathers concubyne,
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne doughter in lawe.
Yea, her in my syght, went after a wycked lyne,
Hys sede Onan spylte, hys brothers name to withdrawe,
Achan lyued here, without all godlye awe.
And now the chyldren, of Israel abuse my powre,
In so vyle maner, that they moue me euerye howre.

Moses sanctus.

Pacyfye thy wrathe, swete lorde I the desyre,
As thu art gentyll, benygne and pacyent,
Lose not that people, in fearcenesse of thyne yre,
For whom thu hast shewed, soche tokens euydent,
Conuertynge thys rodde, into a lyuelye serpent,
And the same serpent, into thys rodde agayne,
Thy wonderfull power, declarynge very playne.
For their sakes also, puttest Pharao to payne,
By ten dyuerse plages, as I shall here declare.
By blonde, frogges, & lyce, by flyes, death, botche, & blayne,
By hayle, by grassoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.
By a Soden plage, all their first gotten ware,
Thu flewest in one nyght, for hys fearce cruelnesse.
From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodnesse.

Pater cœlestis.

I certyfye the, my chosen seruaunt Moses,

That

That people of myne is full of vnthankefull.

Moses sanctus.

Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weakenesse.
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteousnesse.
In a flamynge bushe, hauynge to them respect,
Thu appoyntedest me, their passage to direct,
And through the reade see, thy rygbt hande ded vs lede,
Where Pharaoes hoost, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.
Thu wentest before them, in a shynynge cloude all daye,
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu shewedest their waye,
Thu sentest them Manna, from heauen to be their food,
Out of the harde stone, thu gauest them water good.
Thu appoyntedest them, a lande of mylke and honye,
Lete them not perysh, for want of thy great mercye.

Pater cœlestis.

Content they are not, with foule nor yet with fayre,
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre,
As I sent Manna, they had it in dysdayne,
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne,
Ouer Amalech, I gaue them the vyctorye,

Moses sanctus.

Most gloryouse maker, all that is to thy glorye.
Thu sentest them also, a lawe from heauen aboue,
And daylye shewedest them, manye tokens of great loue.
The brasen serpent, thu ganest them for their healynge,
And Balaams curse, thu turnedest into a blessynge.
I hope thu wylt not, dysdayne to helpe them styll,

Pater cœlestis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll,
Nor yet knowledge me, for their God and good lorde,
So do their vyle dedes, with their wycked hartes accorde,
Whyls thu hast talked, with me famylyarlye.

mountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,
gh es all, they haue forgotten clerelye,
are turned, to shamefull ydolatrye.
For their God they haue, sett vp a golden calfe.

Moses sanctus.

Lete me saye sumwhat, swete father in their behalfe.

Pater cœlestis.

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde,
For that I haue founde, that people so vnkynde,
Not one of them shall, enioye the promyse of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

Moses sanctus.

Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfylled be.
For dysobedyence, thu slewest the sonnes of Aaron,
The earthe swellowed in, both Dathan and Abiron.
The adders ded stynge, other wycked persones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thu ponnyshed rebels.

Pater cœlestis.

Neuer wyll I spare, the cursed inyquyte,
Of ydolatrye, for no cause, thu mayst trust me.

Moses sanctus.

Forgeue them yet lorde, for thys tyme if it maye be.

Pater cœlestis.

Thynkest thu that I wyll, so sone change my decre?
No, No, frynde Moses, so lyght thu shalt not fynde me.
I wyll ponnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

Moses sanctus.

I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worshyppynge false goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,
Yet mercyfullye, thu mayest vpon them loke.
And if thu wylt not, thrust me out of thy boke.

Pater cœlestis.

Those

Those great blasphemers, shall out of my boke cleane.
But thu shalt not so, for I knowe what thu doest meane.
Conduct my people, myne Angell shall assyst the,
That synne at a daye, wyll not vncorrected be.
Ato for the true zele, that thu to my people hast,
I adde thys couenaunt, vnto my promyses past.
Raysse them vp I wyll, a prophete from amonge them,
Not onlyke to the, to speake my wordes vnto them,
Who so heareth not, that he shall speake in my name,
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall shame.
The passe ouer lambe, wyll be a token iust,
Of thys stronge couenaunt. Thys haue I clerelye dyscust,
In my appoyntment, thys houre for your delyueraunce.

Moses sanctus.

Neuer shall thys thynge, depart from my remembrauce.
Laude be for euer, to the most mercyfull lorde,
Wych neuer withdrawest, from man thy heauenlye cōfort,
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth recorde,
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.
As we synde thy grace, soought we to report.
And doubtlesse it is, to vs most bounteouse,
Yea, for all our synnes, most rype and plenteouse.
Abraham our father, founde the benynolouse,
So ded good Isaac, in hys dystresse amonge.
To Jacob thu wert, a gyde most gracyouse,
Joseph thu sauedest, from daungerouse deadlye wronge.
Melchisedech and Job, felt thy great goodnesse stronge,
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and fayre Rachel,
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.
To prayse the swete lorde my faythe doth me compell,
For thy couenauntes sake, wherin rest our saluacyon.
The sede of promyse, all other sedes excell,

For

For therin remayneth, our full iustyfycacyon,
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.
That sede procureth, Gods myghty grace and powre,
For the same sedes sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice canat.

O hygh kynge Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye sauer of their multytude, the helthe and consolacyon of synners, come now for to saue vs, as our lorde and our redemer.

Finit actus Quartus.

Incipit actus quintus.
Pater cœlestis.

For all the fauer, I haue shewed Israel,
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyrannye,
And geuynge the lande fluentem lac & mel,
Yet wyll she not leaue, her olde ydolatrye,
Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her myserye.
Veyed her I haue, with barrayles and decayes,
Styll must I plage her, I se non other wayes.

Dauid rex pius.

Remembre yet lorde, thy worthye seruaunt Moses,
Walkynge in thy syght, without rebuke of the,
Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
Euermore feared, to offende thy mageste.
Moch thu acceptedest, thy seruaunt Josue,
Caleb and Othoniel, sought the with all their hart,
Aioth end Sangar, for thy folke ded their part.
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to smart,

Jayr

Jayr and Jephte, gaue prayses to thy name.
These to leaue ydolles, thy people ded coart,
Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.
Samuel and Nathan, thy messages ded proclame,
What though fearce Pharao, wrough myschef in thy syght:
He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.
I wote the Beniamytes, abused the wayes of tryght,
So ded Helyes sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.
Saul in hys offyce, was slouthfull daye and nyght,
Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.
Measure not by them, the faultes of Israel,
Whom thu hast loued, of longe tyme so inteyrlye,
But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye.

Pater cœlestis.

I can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrye,
Though I shuld suffer, all other vyllanye.
Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall,
To the worshyppynge of Asteroth and Baal,
Full vncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

Dauid rex pius.

For it they haue had, thy tryghteouse ponnyshment,
And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly consent,
To the Palestynes, and Chananytes vngodlye,
Idolaters takynge, to them in matrymonye,
Thu threwest them vndre, the kynge of Mesopotamye,
After thu subduedest them, for their Idolatrye.
Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,
And xx. years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes.
Oppressed they were, vij. years of the Madyanytes,
And xviij. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes.
In iij. great battayles, of iij. score thousand and fyue,
Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyue.

Haue mercye now lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater cœlestis.

So longe as they synne, so lōge shall they haue greuaūce.
Dauid my seruaunt, sum what must I saye to the.
For that thu latelye, hast wrought soch oanyte.

Dauid rex pius.

Spare not blessed lorde, but saye thy pleasure to me.

Pater cœlestis.

Of late dayes thu hast, my suſed Bersabe,
The wyfe of Vrye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.

Dauid rex pius.

Mercye lorde mercye, for doubtlesse I am defyelde:

Pater cœlestis

I constytute the, a kynge ouer Israel,
And the preserued, from Saul whych was thy enemye.
Yea, in my fauer, so moch thu dedyst excell,
That of thy enemyes, I gaue the vyctorye.
Palestynes and Syryanes, to the came trybutarye.
Why hast thu then wrought, soch folye in my syght?
Despysynge my worde, agaynst all godlye tyght.

Dauid rex pius.

I haue synned lorde, I besyche the, pardon me.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt not dye Dauid, for thys inyquyte,
For thy repentaunce, But thy sonne by Bersabe,
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blasphemed.
Amonge my enemyes, and thu the worse estemed.
From thy howse for thys, the swerde shall not depart.

Dauid rex pius.

I am sorye lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater cœlestis.

To further anger, thu doest me yet compell.

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Pater cœlestis tragœdie.

Dauid rex pius.

For what matter lorde? I besyche thy goodnesse tell.

Pater cœlestis.

Why dedest thu numbre, the people of Israel?
Supposest in thy mynde, therin thu hast done well?

Dauid rex pius.

I can not saye naye, but I haue done vndyscretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt of these iij. chose whych plage thu wylt haue,
For that synnefull acte, that I thy sowlemaye saue.
A scarsenesse vij. years, or els iij. monthes eyyle,
Eyther for iij. dayes, the pestylence most vyle.
For one thu must haue, there is no remedye.

Dauid rex pius.

Lorde at thy pleasure, for thu art full of mercye.

Pater cœlestis.

Of a pestylence, then iij. score thousand and ten,
In iij. dayes shall dye of thy most puysaunt men.

Dauid rex pius.

Oh lorde, it is I, whych haue offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for I haue done the trespace.

Pater cœlestis.

Though thy synnes be great, thy inwarde hartes cōtrycyon,
Doth moue my stomake, in wonderfull condycyon.
I fynde the a man, accordynge to my hart,
Wherfor thys promyse, I make the ere I depart.
A frute there shall come, forth yssuynge from thy bodye,
Whom I wyll aduaunce, vpon thy seate for euer.
Hys trone shall become, a seate of heauenlye glorye,
Hys worthy scepture, from ryght wyll not dysseuer,
Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, shall perysh neuer,

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor pryncypall,
And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.
Thys sygne shalt thu haue, for a token specyall,
That thu mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.
Where thu hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thu shalt not fynysh it trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthye,
In token that Christ, must fynysh euery thynge,
That I haue begunne, to my prayse euerlastynge.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorye, to the, most heauenlye kynge,
For that thu hast geuen, contynuall vyctorye,
To me thy seruaunt, euer sens my anoyntynge,
And also before, by manye conquestes worthye,
A beare and lyon, I slewe through thy strengthonlye,
I slewe Golias, whych was vj. cubites longe,
Agaynst thy enemyes, thu madest me euer stronge.
My fleshlye fraylenesse, made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.
And thouh thu vysytedest, my synnefulnesse amonge,
With pestylent plages, and other vnquyetnesse,
Yet neuer tokest thu, from me the plenteousnesse,
Of thy godly sprete, whych thu in me dedyst plant,
I hauynge remorse, thy grace coulde neuer want.
For in conclusyon, thy euerlastynge couenaunt,
Thu gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne.
And hast promysed here, by protestacyon constaunt,
That one of my sede, shall soch hygh fortune wynne,
As neuer ded man, sens thys worlde ded begynne.
By hys power he shall, put Sathan from hys holde,
In reioyce wherof, to synge wyll I be bolde.

Canora

Canora uoce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Qnam (ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis.

Vel sic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faylhfull howse of Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamynge bushe to Moses, and to hym dedest geue a lawe in mounte Syna, come now for to redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finit actus Quintus,

Incipit actus sextus.

Pater cœlestis.

I Brought vp chyldren, from their first infancye,
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.
An oye knowetb hys lorde, an asse hys masters dewtye,
But Israel wyll not, knowe me not my condycyons,
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,
Vnnaturall chyldren, eypert in blasphemyes,
Prouoketh me to hate, by their ydolatryes.
Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,
In vayne ye offer, your sacryfyce to me.
Dyscontent I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offeryngesse.
I abhorre your fastes, and your solempnyte,
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a part,
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaias propheta.

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.
Her lyfe is vnchast, her actes be very hurtefull,
Her murther and theft, hath darkened her renowne.
Couetouse rewardes, doth so their conscyence drowne,

That the fatherlesse, they wyll not helpe to ryght,
The poore wydowes cause, come not afore their syght,
Thy peceable pathes, seke they neyther daye nor nyght,
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantasye.
Conuert their hartes lorde, and geue them thy true lyght,
That they maye perceyue, their customable folye.
Leaue them not helpelesse, in so depe myserye,
But call them from it, of thy most specyall grace,
By thy true prophetes, to their sowles helthe and solace;

Pater cœlestis

First they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes.
Now haue they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked styll,
And wyll in no wyse, my plesaunt lawes fulfyll.
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles worshyppynge,
From the vyle begger, to the anoynted kynge.

Esaias Propheta.

For that cause thu hast, in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hierusalem,
The kynge of Juda, in Hierusalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria, the kynge of Israel.
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,
And the other two, were Hierosolymytanes.
In both these cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynges,
Thu permyttedest them, to haue most cruell kynges,
The first of Juda, was wycked kynge Roboam,
Of Israel the first, was that cruell Hieroboam,
Abia than followed, and in the other Nadab,
Then Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.
Then Ochosias, then Athalia, then Joas,
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas,
To rehearce them all, that haue done wretchydlye,

In

In the syght of the, it were longe verelye.

Pater cœlestis.

For the wycked synne, of fylthye ydolatrye,
Whych the y, trybes ded, in the lande of Samarye,
In space of one daye, fifty thousand men I slewe,
Thre of their cyties, also I ouerthrewe.
And left the people, in soch captyuyte,
That in all the worlde, they wyst not whyther te fle.
The other ij. trybes, whan they from me went back,
To ydolatrye, I left in the hande of Sesack.
The kynge of Egipt, whych toke awaye their treasure,
Conuayed their cattel, and slewe them without measure.
In tyme of Achas, an hondred thousand and twentye,
Were slayne at one tyme, for their ydolatrye.
Two hondred thousande, from thens were captyue led,
Their goodes dyspersed, and they with penurye fed.
Seldom they fayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes,
Haue them in bondage, or els the Assyreanes.
And alone they maye, thanke their ydolatrye.

Esaias Propheta.

Wele, yet blessed lorde, relene them with thy mercye.
Though they haue bene yll, by other prynces dayes,
Yet good Ezechias, hath taugh them godlye wayes.
Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better.
And as he is nought, their vyces are the greater.
Heauenlye lorde therfor, sende them the consolacyon,
Whych thu hast couenaunted, with euery generacyon.
Open thu the heauens, and lete the lambe come hyther,
Whych wyll delyuer, thy people all togyther.
Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and rayne,
That the earth maye beare, out helthfull sauer playne.

Pater cœlestis

Maye

Maye the wyfe forget, the chylde of her owne bodye?

Esaias Propheta.

Naye that she can not, in anye wyse verelye.

Pater cœlestis

Nomore can I them, whych wyll do my cõmaundementes,
But must preserue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Esaias Propheta.

Blessed art thu lorde, in all thy actes and iudgementes.

Pater cœlestis.

Wele, Esaias, for thys thy fydelyte,
A couenaunt of helthe, thu shalt haue also of me.
For Syons sake now, I wyll not holde my peace,
And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease.
Tyll that ryghteouse lorde, be come as a sũne beame bryght,
And their iust sauer, as a lampe extende hys lyght.
A rodde shall shut fourth, from the olde stocke of Jesse,
And a bryght blossome, from that rote wyll aryse.
Vpon whom alwayes, the sprete of the lorde shall be,
The sprete of wysdome, the sprete of heauenly practyse,
And the sprete that wyll, all godlynesse deuyse,
Take thys for a sygne, A mayde of Israel,
Shall conceyue and beare, that lorde Emanuel.

Esaias Propheta.

Thy prayses condygne, no mortall tunge can tell,
Most worthye maker, and kynge of heauenlye glorye,
For all capacytees, thy goodnesse doth excell,
Thy plenteouse graces, no brayne can cumpas trulye,
No wyt can conceyue, the greatnesse of thy mercye,
Declared of late, in Dauid thy true seruaunt,
And now confirmed, in thys thy latter couenaunt.
Of goodnesse thu madest, Salomon of wyt most pregnaũt,
Asa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

In

In thy syght to do, that was to the ryght plesaunt.
To quench ydolatrye, thu raysedest vp Helias,
Jehu, Heliseus, Micheas, and Abdias.
And Naaman Syrus, thu pourgedest of a leprye,
Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnyfye?
Aryse Hierusalem, and take faythe by and bye,
For the verye lyght, that shall saue the, is commynge.
The sonne of the lorde, apere wyll euydentlye,
Whan he shall resort, se that no Joye be wantynge.
He is thy sauer, and thy lyfe euerlastynge,
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.
Helpe me in thys songe, to knowledge hys great goodnesse.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Iesse,
Quam chorus prosequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice hoc modo canet.

O frutefull rote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne amonge people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall fearcely opē their mouthes. Whom the Gentyles shall worshypp as their heauenly lorde, come now for to delyuer vs, and delaye the tyme no longar.

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Finit actus Sextus.

Pater cœlestis

I haue with fearcenesse, mankynde oft tymes corrected,
And agayne I haue, allured hym by swete promes.
I haue sent sore plages, whan he hath me neglected,
And then by and by, most comfortable swetnes.
To wynne hym to grace, both mercye and ryghteousnes,
I haue exercysed, yet wyll he not amende.
Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defende?
In hys most myschefe, most hygh grace wyll I sende,
To ouercome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be.
With hys abusyons, no longer wyll I contende,
But now accomplysh, my first wyll and decre.
My worde beyng flesh, from hens shall set hym fre,
Hym teachynge a waye, of perfyght ryghteousnesse,
That he shall not nede, to perysh in hys weakenesse.

Ioannes baptista.

Manasses (lorde) is past, whych turned from the hys harte,
Achas and Amon, haue now nomore a do.
Jechonias with other, whych ded themselues auarte,
From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go.
The two false iudges, and Bels wycked prestes also,
Phassur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,
Antiochus and Triphon shall the dysplease nomore.
Thre score yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon,
Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worshyppynge.
Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynyon,
Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldynge,
Ther hygh prestes were slayn, ther treasure came to nothyng
The strength and bewtye, of thyne owne heretage,
Thus dedest thu leaue then, in myserable bondage.
Oft had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,
And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye,

Sumtyme

Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch,
Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,
From the people then, restoryng thy lawes agayne.
Of Rechab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,
Whō to wyne drynkynge, no frynds hyppe nyght cōstrayne,
Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repare the temple,
And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple,
Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scrybe,
Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,
Deuoute Mathathias, and Judas Machabeus.
Haue mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,
Waye the ernest faythe, of thys godlye cumpanye,
Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye.

Pater cœlestis.

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
Rygour and hardenesse, I haue now set a part,
Myndynge from hens fourth, to wynne man euermore,
By wonderfull kyndenesse, to breake hys stubberne hart,
And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smart,
In mannys frayle nature, for hys inyquyte,
Thys to make open, my messenger shalt thu be.

Ioannes baptista.

As thy pleasure is, so blessed lorde appoynt me,
For my helthe thu art, and my sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis.

Longe ere I made the, I the predestynate,

Before thu wert borne, I the endued with grace.
In thy mothers wombe, wert thu sanctyfycate,
By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,
A Prophete to shewe, a waye before the face,
Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come the vntyll.
Applye the a pace, thyne offyce to fulfyll.
Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,
Doppe them in water, they knowledgynge their offence.
And saye vnto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum.

Ioannes Baptista.

Vnmete lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum;
An other than that, Alac I haue no scyence,
Fyt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt not saye so, for I haue geuen the grace,
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desart place.
Thu must do therfor, as I shall the aduyse,
My appoynted pleasure, fourth vtter in any wyse.
My stronge myghtye wordes, put I into thy mouthe,
Spare not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia Ioannis digito tanget, ac ori imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle.
The sprete of Helias, haue I geuen the alredye.
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,
And if they repent, their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye.
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge.
As a voyce in desart, se thu declare the thynge.
I promyse the sure, thu shalt washe hym amouge them.
In Jordane a floude, not farre from Hierusalem.

Ioannes Baptista.

Shewe

Shewe me yet good lorde, wherby shall I knowe that mā,
In the multytude, whych wyll resort to Jordan?

Pater cœlestis.

In thy mothers wombe, of hym haddest thu cognycyon.

Ioannes Baptista.

Yea, that was in sprete. I wolde now knowe hys person.

Pater cœlestis.

Haue thu no feare Johan, hym shalt thu knowe full well,
And one specyall token, afore wyll I the tell.
Super quem uideris spiritum descendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic est qui baptizat spiritu sancto
Amonge all other, whom thu shalt baptyse there,
Vpon whom thu seyst, the holy Ghost descende,
In shappe of a doue, restynge vpon hys shuldere.
Holde hym for the same, that shall the worlde amende,
By baptym of sprete, and also to man eytende,
Most specyall grace. For he must repare hys fall,
Restorynge agayne, the iustyce orygynall.
Take now thy iournaye, and do as I the aduyse,
First preache repentaunce, and than the people baptyse.

Ioannes baptista.

Hygh honour, worshypp, and glorye be vnto the,
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.
Repent good people, for synnes that now are past,
The kyngedome of heauen, is at hande very nye.
The promysed lyght, to yow approcheth fast,
Haue faythe, and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.
I am not the lyght, but to beare testymonye,
Of hym, am I sent, that all men maye beleue,
That hys blonde he wyll, for their redempcyon geue.
He is soch a lyght, as all men doth illumyne,
That euer were here, or shall be after thys,

All the worlde he made, by hys myghtye power deuyne,
And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is.
Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.
They that receyue hym, are Gods true chyldren playne,
In spirite regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.
Manye do recken, that I Johan Baptyst am he,
Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in space.
Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,
We are weake vessels, he is the welle of grace,
Of hys great goodnesse, all that we haue we purchace:
By hym are we lyke, to haue a better increes,
Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moses.
In Moses harde lawe, we had not elsbut darkenes,
Fygure and shaddowe. All was not else but nyght,
Ponnyshment for synne, moch rygour, payne and roughnes.
An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,
Grace and remyssyon, anon wyll shyne full bryght,
Neuer man lyued, that euer se God afore,
Whych now in our kynde, mannys ruyne wyll restore.
Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,
Whych am vnto Christ, a cryars voyce in the desart,
To prepare the pathes, and hygh wayes hym before,
For hys delyght is, on the poore symple hart.
That innocent lambe, from soch wyll neuer depart,
As wyll faythfullye, receyue hym with good mynde.
Lete our voyce then sounde, in some swete musycall kynde.

Resona tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clauis Dauid,
Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic.

O perfyght keye of Dauid, and hygh sceptrure of the kynbred of Jacob, whych openest and no man speareth, thu spea-

rest

rest and no man openeth, come & delyuer thy seruaunt man-kynde bounde, in prison syttynge in the darkenesse of synne and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Prolocutor.

THe matters are soch, that we haue vttered here,
As ought not to slyde, from your memoryall,
For they haue opened, soch confortable gere,
As is to the helthe, of thys kynde vnyuersall,
Graces of the lorde, and promyses lyberall,
Whych he hath geuen, to man for euery age,
To knytt hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.
As Saynt Paule doth write, vnto the Corinthes playne,
Our fore fathers were, vndre the cloude of darkenes,
And vnto Christes dayes, ded in the shaddowe remayne,
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,
All theyreceyued, one spiryuall fedynge doubtles.
They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreshed,
For one sauynge helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.
In the womans sede, was Adam first iustyfyed,
So was faytfull Noah, so was iust Abraham.
The faythe in that sede, in Moses fourth multyplyed,
Lyke wyse in Dauid, and Esaye, that after cam.
And in Johan Baptyst, whych shewed the very lam.
Though theyse a farre, yet all they had one iustyce,
One Masse (as they call it) and in Christ one sacryfyce,
A man can nothere, to God do better seruyce,
Than on thys to grounde, hys faythe and vnderstandynge.
For all the worldes synne, alone Christ payed the pryce,
In hys onlye deathe, was mannys lyfe alwayes restynge,
And not in wyll workes, nor yet in mennys deseruynge,
The lyght of our faythe, make thys thynge euydent,

Conclusio.

And not the practyse of other experiment.
Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes commente,
Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleasure,
Do good of themselues, though grace and fayth be absente.
And haue good intentes, their madnesse with to measure,
The wyll of the flesshe, is proued here small treasure,
And so is mannys wyll, for the grace of God doth all,
More of thys matter, conclude herafter we shall.

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Thus endeth thys Tragedy or enterlude manyfestynge the chefe promyses of God vnto Man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno domini, M. D. XXXVIII.

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